

DNF Smut Fanfiction

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DNF Smut Fanfiction

by [aevum_writes](#)

Summary

DreamNotFound Fan-Fiction.

-
They have expressed that they are fine with fanfiction about them, if at any point they outright say they don't want it out there anymore I will delete this story.

-
My friend convinced me to do this so, enjoy this horror that will be NSFW DNF and other such things.

Notes

Introduction before getting into the problematic shit

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

This is just a introduction to the story and a warning to everyone who reads this.

If you weren't thrown off by the title of the story and you're here then this is your last warning, this will be a **NSFW based book**.

Most of the chapters will probably be NSFW and/or fluff.

I do take commissions occasionally.

Blame my friend for this book existing.

Uploads may be infrequent as being good at writing requires hours of edits and rethinking my entire existence in between paragraphs.

God I hate myself (':

Okay enjoy :)

Drinking Won't Make You Forget It

Chapter Summary

These will be short stories

Chapter Notes

Drinking Won't Make You Forget it

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George ran a shaking hand through his hair and sighed, looking around the crowded airport just stressed him out further. His hands were freezing from the cold weather and he really regretted not wearing a thicker hoodie this morning.

He pulled out his phone and awkwardly scrolled through twitter to distract himself from the hundreds of people shoving past each other and yelling, he liked a few tweets, replied to some friends and occasionally looked up to the growing crowd of people arriving from all around the world.

It dawned on him that it didn't matter if he checked for Dream when he had no clue what he looked like. The day just kept getting worse. First a storm on the day Dream was coming to Britain, then the realisation that Dream could be literally anywhere in this airport, waiting for George who had been keeping his head down and his eyes glued to his phone for 20 minutes.

He took a few steps back, ready to turn and start searching, only to hit a solid wall behind him.

A wall that wrapped it's arms around his waist and whispered:

"Hi George."

He spun around, breathing hard in time with his fast paced beating heart.

But instead of all the possible scenarios he'd conjured up in his head of perverts, murderer's and the possibility that aliens were somehow abducting him, he was met with soft, bright green eyes staring into his own.

It made sense that Dream would make an entrance like this, scaring the ever-loving shit out of George.

"Fucking hell Dream, a text would've sufficed."

Dream looked down at George and laughed slightly, making George uncomfortably aware of the height difference between them, how was this fucker so tall?.

Dream's body was pressed flush against George's wrapping him in a furnace like heat that George weirdly didn't want to leave, but it had been a few minutes of eye contact between the two men and

he really should let go.

With a slight cough, George reluctantly unravelled himself from Clay's iron grip and scratched the back of his head, thinking of anything else to say rather than: 'God you're hot'.

Sapnap had really underplayed how attractive Dream was, his jawline looked like it was shaped by the fucking gods and his sharp features allowed George's perverted mind to run wild at all the ways he wanted to-

George mentally kicked himself, Jesus fuck this was going to be a hard few weeks.

"We should get to the car then, It's going to rain soon."

Dream nodded, unfazed by the intimate moment being cut off so easily. He slung his backpack over his shoulder, carefully picked up his bags and followed George through the doors to the carpark.

George had a small blue Peugeot with limited space so stuffing Dream's suitcase and bags into the boot of his car was challenge, a slow, annoying challenge in the rain.

Finally they managed to get seated and comfortable, George did a few checks, then they set off.

After roughly 45 minutes of Dream absentmindedly looking out the window and George silently cursing out the stormy weather for making it harder to see, they arrived at George's apartment complex.

It was a pain in the ass taking all of Dream's bags upstairs, George was fairly muscled but if he was honest with himself, he didn't go to the gym as often as he would like. This made it take 15 minutes to walk up four flights of stairs since some inconsiderate dickhead had pressed all the buttons the week before and broken the already temperamental elevator.

George turned his heating up to combat the cold and motioned to the guest bedroom for Dream to chuck his bags.

"Not much to do today since it's raining, how about a movie?" George offered

Clay shrugged his shoulders and moved to the sofa, dropping down and sinking into the leather seat with a sigh.

George was going to need a lot of alcohol to get through tonight, it was almost like a fucking romance novel, the rain hitting the window, two lovers enjoying each others company on the sofa, watching a cheesy chick flick set in Paris.

George had a bottle of Vodka on his table, it seemed a little rude to immediately start drinking once Dream had sat down and only hours after they had met for the first time but, with the way Dream was looking at him, George ignored the burn in his throat and chugged the vile tasting liquid like a starved man.

All through the film, Dream was looking illegally attractive, he was only inches away from George and that knowledge drove him to insanity. Each hitched breath, each shift in his position tempted George's eyes, why did George have to be so painfully gay for his best friend.

Soon after the bottle was done, both parties were thoroughly out of it, it was like their heads were numbed and they moved on pure instinct.

George moved to sit across Dream's lap and pull him into a dirty open-mouthed kiss. He moaned into the blonde's mouth as large hands pinned him into place. Dream ran his tongue across George's teeth, enjoying the bitter alcohol taste, the heavy smell of the Vodka they'd been sharing all night.

George breaks the kiss and settles back against the couch, spreading his knees wide and stroking himself through his tight jeans as Clay stalks towards him, moving in between thick thighs. George lifts his ass to help Dream shimmy his jeans and boxers down to his ankles and hardly has time to sit down again before Dream is pressing kiss after kiss onto George's thighs.

He demands eye contact with the way he's staring into George's soul, waiting for the smaller male's consent.

George nods and there's the sound of a bottle cap creaking open, George has no time to even think about where Dream managed to grab it before he's reeling back and panting at the way Clay has slicked his fingers and managed to slide them inside with no warning.

"So fucking easy." Dream laughed darkly, taking in the way George writhed and whined on his fingers.

"Fuck-"

George couldn't tear his eyes away, his hips were bucking towards Clay's fingers, making him speed up, giving George what he was asking for because then he was chanting:

"Oh god yes, yes, yes!"

Dream looks up at George on the sofa, eyes half lidded, body throbbing with want, and slides a hand up to twist carefully at the pink bud of a nipple.

At this point, George's mind was hazy, all pride disappeared like his words as he was soon incapable of forming coherent sentences, only focused on the rush of pleasure that rocked through his body.

Dream soon pulled away, panting and satisfied with George's deep red flushed face beneath him.

"Turn around for me George."

George does as he's told, arching his back in anticipation to better present his ass.

Dream runs his hands down George's curves, it takes so much physical restraint to stop himself holding George down so he can ruthlessly fuck him on his tongue.

George's breath hitches as Clay wraps a hand around his cock and tugs tortuously slowly, His hips quake and his head drops down to rest in the pillows, muffling his whines.

Then Clay is slamming into George from behind, the stretch is electrifying, bringing a coiling desperation for more. The sound of George fucking himself back onto Clay is lewd and had them both panting, trying to catch their breath in the midst of the heat.

"So fucking good for me-"

Clay praises, entranced by the perfect way George's body is arched with pleasure, by the every moan that slips through his gritted teeth, by the way neither of them are thinking straight, just focused on each other and chasing climax.

George whined again, slapping a hand over his mouth to quiet himself, Clay mouthed and licked at the side of his neck before sinking his teeth into pale flesh to draw more wanton moans from the brunette.

"Gonna cum-" George warned suddenly, before his words became a helpless moan and hot come pumped out, soaking the leather seats as his body spasmed.

Clay worked him through his orgasm, in awe that he'd made his best friend come on his cock, this only encouraged him to drive his dick faster into George, seeking his own release.

Clay snapped his hips forward, rougher than before, knocking the breath out of George's lungs, his hands landed heavily between George's shoulder blades, pushing him down into the sofa.

Clay inhaled sharply, the heat in his gut getting hotter as he neared his limit, He grabbed a fist full of George's messy locks, lifting him up slightly so he could bite down at the juncture of George's collar and neck and cum, hard.

"Fuck-"

Clay took a second to catch his breath before pulling out and pressing a kiss against George's neck.

The two collapsed into a boneless heap, passing out seconds after from the mix of alcohol and sex that drained the energy from their bodies.

They woke up to the sunlight streaming through the blinds directly onto the sofa, blinding the both of them. George held his hand to his forehead, cursing himself out for drinking so much and giving himself the worst hangover he'd ever had.

Both men groaned and sat up, slowly realising why they were both ass naked and promptly looking away when they made eye contact.

George felt like he'd been hit by a truck, his muscles were sore, his throat was aching and he had a vague memory of last night, something he hoped he would forget, of course this was the first time he remembered a drunken hook up.

Dream was processing last night, his brain hadn't caught up to the fact that he'd fucked his best friend last night, he wanted to believe it wasn't true, but each time he caught George's eye, he was reminded of the way he sounded when Clay nailed his prostate.

Neither knew what to say, neither really moved for an uncomfortable amount of time.

Then George shakily stood and silently walked to the bathroom. Seconds after, Dream heard the shower running and decided to grab some tissues and clean the sofa as best he could.

It was probably best to forget what happened last night and act as if it never did happen, right?

-END-

Thank you for reading <3

Literal Attraction

Chapter Summary

Romantic attraction is literal, each person is given a electromagnetic bracelet when they are 21 that pulls them towards your soulmate. It's day one and they turn the magnet on, then they just have to wait.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Prompt:

'Romantic attraction is literal, each person is given a electromagnetic bracelet when they are 21 that pulls them towards your soulmate. It's day one and they turn the magnet on, then they just have to wait.'

-

The bracelet clipped together firmly on George's wrist with a quiet snap and he moved his arm away from the countertop.

"It's fairly simple, the bracelet will remain inactive when you aren't near your soulmate, then when the magnet picks up the attraction you'll be pulled towards them, it only turns off when you are within 4 feet of them."

George nodded and pulled his hoodie sleeve down, covering the silent metal magnet he'd been given.

He was 21 now and his mother was adamant that he needed to join this program, every time he'd tried to date someone, it would end horribly with George breaking it off for different reasons each time. It wasn't his fault that his last boyfriend chewed with his mouth wide open, it drove him fucking insane.

So here he was, walking away from the desk with a stupid fucking bracelet that will supposedly help him find his soulmate. It was all a bunch of bullshit but he did it to stop his mother nagging him about it.

When he got home, he chucked himself into bed, the bracelet clinking slightly as an annoying reminder of its presence.

He'd deal with it tomorrow, tonight he was sleeping and hopefully never waking up.

-Time skip to the next morning-

Groaning, he shoved the covers off his face, wincing at the change in his positioning. There was probably something bad about the way his bones cracked and re fucking shaped in the mornings.

He disregarded it as a lack of movement in his sleep and stood, stumbling half awake to his bathroom.

And that was his routine, every morning, for three fucking months.

At the start, though sceptical, George was intrigued at the prospect of having a soulmate, someone he was scientifically guaranteed to love.

But as the days flashed by, his beginning enthusiasm began to border on irritability.

No auditory prompts, no magnetic pull, nothing.

The bracelet remained dead on his wrist, inactive and going to work everyday with this thing attached to him was starting to gnaw on his confidence.

Everyone could see it, everyone knew how long he'd had it.

It was oddly unsurprising to George that he didn't have a soulmate, he was picky and snappy, sure his online persona as GeorgeNotFound was far happier, but real life George was sick of everything.

His mother never stopped calling, always asking if he'd found them yet, always trying to cheer him up when he said 'No, not yet'.

Soon, it was the summer holidays, he had two weeks off work and he intended to have fun, regardless of the metal ring around his wrist that had deemed him unlovable.

To the fucking shopping centre.

Not the best way to begin a week of 'fun' but he needed to run a few errands anyways.

Lifting a what he could only assume was blue hoodie over his head, making sure the sleeves covered his bracelet, he grabbed his phone and wallet and left his apartment.

2 hours into his shopping trip, he'd managed to look depressingly lonely at a milkshake stall, ordering in front of 6 or 7 couples that looked very happy sharing their drinks. He'd gone into Primark and asked several strangers what colour a certain shirt or pair of jeans were. He'd scared the shit out of some pigeons minding their own business on the grass outside the centre and he was currently wading through a crowd of people trying to get to a empty bench in the midst of it all.

Each family or happy couple he passed made him want to hurl, every snot faced child holding a dripping ice cream that looked at him funny was reluctantly ignored and every attractive guy he saw was always holding some short blonde twat's hand.

How he wished he was fully blind instead of colour blind at this point.

Having his thoughts render him to a walking shell of a man, it took him a while to realise he had passed the bench and was walking further away from it.

Weirdly, his brain took longer to process it because he didn't stop moving, and in doing so he collided rather roughly into another person.

"What the fuck-" George mumbled, slightly dazed.

Neither man had been hurt or had really moved, but as the hit was unexpected, they both took a moment to register their surroundings.

When they both looked up at each other, the first thing they noticed was their wrists.

Like a magnet, every time they tried pulling away, their wrists were brought back together

unwillingly.

Wait, hold the fuck up.

When their eyes met, George was dazed again.

Dirty blonde hair ruffled upwards framed a heavenly face, one that made his knees weak. Bright green eyes combined with lips he wanted to touch and a jawline that looked like it could cut him rendered the words he tried to say useless.

Both men stood silently startled in the middle of the crowd, ignoring each brush past of a stranger on their shoulders as they both recognised each other as soulmates.

Holy mother of fuck he was hot.

The bracelets emitted a low tone and the magnetism was turned off, allowing George to pull back and panic about what to do now.

"Are you the guy from the milkshake stall?"

George flushed slightly.

"You saw that?"

"If you mean when you flipped off a couple that shared their milkshake in front of you when they turned away then yeah, I saw that." He huffed

"If you'd have had to listen to their story about meeting each other under a gazebo under the stars then you'd have flipped them off too."

"You want to grab dinner?" He mumbled, a barely visible blush spreading across his cheeks.

"Depends who's paying."

"My treat, soulmate."

"My name's George."

"Clay." He held out his hand and George took it, his mind immediately going to other places as he shakes the other mans rough hand.

Maybe it was the weeks of being pent up talking or the fact that Clay was his soulmate, but George wanted those hands all over him.

They both let go and Clay turned, motioning for George to follow.

After a few minutes, they had both cleared the crowd of people and were standing outside a small café.

Clay brought George to a secluded booth and the two of them sat down, awkwardly shuffling to sit next to each other.

A few lingering touches and looks throughout the evening was riling George up, they had eaten from the limited menu at the café and both men found themselves looking to the bathroom every now and then.

"So what do we do now?" Clay's eyes shifted back to George.

"You could pay for the food."

Clay laughed slightly: "Fuck you"

"Kind of wish you would."

They stared at one another for a long moment before scrambling to their feet to stumble to the nearest bathroom.

Running into a stall, Clay pinned George to the door to finally fucking kiss him.

George's hands were on Clay immediately, dragging over his ribs and down his sides to his jeans. He hesitated only a moment before sliding his fingers under the band.

Clay kissed him hard, groaning into the feel of George's soft hands.

George broke the kiss and looked up at Clay, he was stupidly, unfairly attractive, packed with muscle and broad shouldered.

Noticing his distraction, Clay moved to George's neck, leaving marks along flushed collarbones.

George seized below him, stuttering a gasping moan, body arching from the sudden pleasured shock.

"Hand's above your head." Clay ordered, pulling down both his and Georges boxers.

Slowly, George lifted his arms and grabbed his wrists, tucking them behind his head against the door.

"Good."

Clay wasted no time pushing his now aching dick against Georges, he bit his lip and forced himself to look up so he could watch the stuttered rise and fall of George's chest as he sucked in wordless, gasping lungful's of air, the way his stomach tensed with each shift of Clay's experienced hips.

Clay wrapped a hand around them both and hissed, rutting his hips faster and harder, letting George moan directly into his ear from the feeling.

"So fucking perfect." Clay muttered.

George whined, a high, breathy, open-mouthinged thing that left Clay shaking.

George's legs began twitching, blood roared in his ears, deafening him as he desperately tried to catch his breath and keep up with Clay's erratic thrusts.

His climax hit him like a punch to the chest, driving the air from his lungs and sweeping his feet out from under him, he nearly collapsed, body jerking with the force of it as he spilled across Clay's abdomen.

Clay let out a cut off moan as the sight of George, his vision leaving him as he came, holding George impossibly closer through it.

When feeling finally returned his limbs, Clay eased himself back, and smoothed his hands up George's thighs, petting at the twitching, overstimulated muscles.

"You okay Georgie?"

He was given a low groan as an answer and he hummed to himself, admiring his work on George's now bruised and hickey covered neck.

"We should clean up." Clay sighed.

"Counter argument, we take a nap." The smaller male rested his head in the crook of Clay's neck, clearly fucked out.

"Maybe when we get back to my apartment."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading <3

Drinking Won't Make You Forget It [Part 2, Continuation]

Chapter Summary

My friend asked for a part 2 so this is wholly their fault, burn in hell you sinner.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

[My friend asked for a part 2 so this is wholly their fault, burn in hell you sinner.]

It'd been a week since their drunken night together. Both parties had taken to pretending it never happened and so far It'd been working. However, Sapnap had flown over yesterday and it was becoming increasingly hard to conceal their shame.

They'd been so painfully awkward towards each other, a blind man could've put two and two together by now.

It was now a Sunday morning, the original plan was to wake early so George could show Sapnap and Dream around London some more, but British weather did It's part in stopping that.

The cell phone vibrates George awake and he reaches for it, holding the bright screen to his squinting face to set it for thirty minutes later.

Soon, the alarm sounds again and George opened his eyes to see the grey out his window.

"Wake up you lazy fuck-" Sapnap's voice rang through his ears, along with the loud slam of his bedroom door.

George groaned and mumbled about some dream he was having, the realisation that he was awake now making him sigh and sag back into the mattress. It was a nice dream, something about a oak tree in a meadow full of flowers, but the details faded fast even as he tried to recall them.

With another sigh, he cautiously opened one eye, seeing Sapnap in his doorway, leaning against the wooden frame.

He pulled the duvet back over his head to keep the man from staring at his dishevelled morning hair, but he soon rolls out of bed, his brain now begrudgingly awake.

"There we go." Sapnap coos, patting Georges back as he walks out the room.

"Fucking condescending asshole." George comments.

"What? Me? No!" He drags each word out, no longer hiding the sarcasm.

There was a bowl of untouched cereal out on the counter that Sapnap led George to, sitting him down and attempting to spoon feed him, that however, was met with Dream walking in on George trying to throw the bowl at Sapnap, the spoon already chucked across the room.

"The fuck are you two doing?" Dream's voice cut through the squabbling of the two men.

"Sapnap's being a dick, I'm waking up."

"I'm just trying to make sure Georgie eats his breakfast, you know It's the most important meal of the day."

Without even looking up, George could see the shit eating grin that spread out across Sapnap's face.

"Fuck you."

"Later Georgie." Nick winked.

George threw his hands up and walked back to his bedroom:

"That's it, I'm going back to fucking sleep."

George ended up making it halfway to his door when a blinding light lit up the bedroom. It took a few moments before they all came to their senses and realized what was happening.

"There weren't any storm warnings when I checked earlier-" Dream whined.

Suddenly they heard another deafening crack of thunder. This one so powerful the apartment trembled under the force of the storm.

"Fucking perfect." Sapnap added.

The storm produced another earth shattering crack and a blinding flash of light. It seemed to be collecting more and more energy with every minute that passed by.

All three of them gravitated towards each other, almost huddling together like the feeling a small gopher probably gets when he's being chased by a coyote and finally reaches his home, his safe place.

He knew standing together didn't change anything, but George still remained by Dream's side instinctually.

"The fuck do we do now?" He whispered.

Soon, the rain kicked up properly and hurled itself violently against the windows, almost trying to escape the storm like the three men were desperate to.

-A few hours later-

George's apartment was spacious, with a large floor to ceiling, tinted windows that overlooked the city and in the centre of his living room was a black leather couch facing a flat screen TV on the wall. Dream and George were sat on the sofa together, watching Sapnap funny moments.

Dream cast the video from his phone to the TV, George's gaze shifting to the larger screen.

Sapnap was in the guest bedroom, taking a nap so George had suggested watching YouTube until the storm passed.

George found himself shifting regularly, unable to find a comfortable position while sat next to Dream, each glance spared his way riled him up more.

"Should we, talk about it?" Dream muttered, finding himself unable to speak above a whisper.

"About what?"

"Come on George, you know."

"I don't see the need to." George looked to the window, trying to avoid any eye contact with the other male.

"It's going to come up eventually." Dream pressed.

"Only if we let it."

"Would it be such a bad thing to talk about it?" Dream audibly huffed, seeming annoyed now.

"Why are you being so persistent?"

Dream stood and moved so he was standing behind the couch, leaning over George:

"Because we can't avoid it forever, I see the way you look at me."

George was startled by Dream's breath against his ear and his head snapped up, his face now inches away from Clay's.

Dream hesitantly ran his hands down George's sides then up his shirt, fingers brushing over his chest.

"You can't say you didn't enjoy that night, I did." He continued, pressing his chest against George's back and whispering straight into his ear, earning himself a gasp and soft moan.

Dream hummed, tracing his fingers down George's abs with light touches, feeling his stomach tense at each teasing movement.

A low, cut off 'Dream' unwillingly left George's lips as Clay pressed his mouth against the side of his neck and started sucking.

George's cock began swelling rapidly between his legs as Dream pressed kisses down his collarbone.

"Tell me to stop."

"Fuck it-" George stood, turning to Dream and within seconds he was being picked up, legs wrapping around the taller male's waist and feeling hands on his ass as he was carried to his bedroom.

He was thrown on the bed, barely able to come to terms with how fast Dream was on top of him, undressing him, letting George's trousers fall to the floor, boxers discarded in the same fashion.

Clay couldn't wait anymore, his cock was throbbing painfully in the confines of his jeans at the thought of what he was about to do.

George's legs were brought to rest on Clay's shoulders as he swallowed hard and leaned closer, his tongue peaking out to cautiously lick at George's hole.

Clay's eyes shot up to watch as a full body tremor ran through the brunette's body accompanied by a soft whimper.

Clay repeated the action, swirling his tongue around the rim in teasing strokes.

He wanted to touch everywhere, needed to touch everywhere, so he grabbed onto George's hips, pulling him back to flatten his tongue and lick with more vigour, the muscles in his jaw ached, but he continued, eventually fucking George with his tongue.

He took his time working George open, adding finger after finger until George was drooling and pleading, pre leaking from his neglected cock, tears silently rolling down his cheeks.

The brunette let out a choked sob as Clay pulled his fingers out, finding lube in the bedside drawer and practically ripping his own jeans off.

"Last time I'll ask George, you sure?"

George whined and tightened his thighs now around Clay's waist in response, whimpering a breathy 'yes' afterwards.

He teased George with the tip for a second until it caught on the rim, then he held his breath, rolling his hips slowly, carefully easing his length inside.

George was so tight and wet, his ass practically sucking him deeper despite the blonde's attempt to go slow.

Both men's eyelids fluttered shut and Dream let out a sharp gasp as he quickly clamped a hand around the base of his cock to prevent himself from cumming too fast.

"George- *Fuck, I-*" He moaned as he sunk into the brunette.

He grabbed onto the railing of the bed, fingers going white with the pressure.

George's heavy lidded eyes locked onto the movement and he whined, feeling insanely full.

Clay pulled his hips back and they groaned in unison.

"Need more- *Please Clay.*" He pleaded, his words broken between his panting and moans.

Clay's head fell between George's shoulder blades as he thrust his hips at a steady pace, careful not to go too fast.

"You're *mine-*" He groaned, relishing when George got tighter at the words.

George's eyes rolled back into his skull when Clay snapped his hips forwards, rougher than before, lust getting the better of him.

His breath was punched out of him as Clay's cock brushed his prostate, he could do nothing but pant and drag his nails along the blonde's back.

Clay pulled out to the tip, only to slam back in and hit that spot again and make George cry out under him.

He inhaled sharply, the heat in his gut growing and fuelling his erratic thrusts as arousal zapped down his spine. Clay grabbed a fist full of Georges hair to pull him into a desperate kiss.

Internally cursing himself for getting close, he moved to grab George's cock and jerked it in time with his rough pace until George screamed into his mouth, cum shooting across Clay's abdomen.

Clay gasped when the brunette's ass squeezed tight, practically milking his cock as he came, body trembling as he pumped George full.

Both men stilled their movements to catch their breath and Clay found himself collapsing on top of George, contentedly leaning into the brunettes neck.

The moment of bliss was interrupted however, by the slam of George's door as it was pushed open to reveal Sapnap walking in with an empty carton of milk.

"Hey George we need more mi... oh."

Struggling to form words, George was thankful the covers provided some cover for their naked forms, but there was no excuse good enough to explain why Clay was on top of George, visibly sweating.

"I fucking knew it- WILBUR OWES ME 20 BUCKS-"

And with that, Nick ran out the room, presumably to text Wilbur about whatever bet they made.

George just sighed and ran a hand through Clay's hair, smiling to himself.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading <3

Literal Attraction [Part 2, Continuation]

Chapter Summary

Someone requested this so here we fucking go-

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George balled his fists, sweat beading on his skin after what felt like an eternity of teasing.

"Fucking touch me, *please*." He pleaded, another shiver rolling down his spine simply from the way Clay was looking at him.

Clay had ended up paying for their food back at the restaurant hurriedly, wasting no time to get the blonde twink in his car and back to his apartment.

Now, George's hands were tied to the headboard and he was ass naked, at the mercy of his supposed soulmate.

George wanted to shove Clay off and touch himself to end the torture, but he'd never felt anything like what the blonde was doing to him and he sure as fuck didn't want to be anywhere but exactly where he was, even if it meant being agonisingly edged.

Clay rolled his hips subtly against George's leg as he finally started up again, tongue lazily travelling up the side of George's cock.

George stopped breathing all together, lungs full and spine arching as the back of his head pressed into the mattress.

"Clay." He whined, legs shaking.

The blonde in question glared up at him, weighing his options momentarily before bobbing his head and sinking down almost all the way.

George groaned, hands pulling against his restraints, trying hard not to buck his hips into that warm, tight heat.

There was a warning bite of nails to his thighs and he couldn't stop the pathetic whines and pleas that spilled out.

He'd only known Clay a few hours and already he was begging, throwing aside any pride or self respect he'd previously had to focus on getting Clay to speed up.

A low whine broke from him when the pleasure ceased, Clay had momentarily halted his movements to undo the ropes holding George.

His mouth dropped open in a helpless pant as hands immediately tangled in blond hair, forcing his cock fully down Clay's throat.

Choked off moans and whimpers left George's lips from the sensation, from being able to freely fuck Clay's throat.

The torturous edging had made his orgasm near quicker than he would have liked, but George was a slave to the pleasure, hips bucking up faster to chase his release.

George looked down to the man between his thighs and that was all it took for a full body tremor to rock his body as he came down the blonde's throat.

Clay sat up, swallowing the last of George's cum and wiping his mouth with the sleeve of his shirt.

He waited a few minutes, enjoying watching George recover with gasping breaths and shaky thighs.

"Fuck me, now." George managed to choke out.

Faster than was mentally possible to process, Clay had him on his lap, bare ass grinding on rough jeans.

George choked on the spit suddenly welling in his mouth when teeth sank right into where neck meets shoulder.

Hands flew to Clay's hair again with the rush of pleasure reviving his cock.

George felt like a fucking doll with how Clay easily manhandled him to get him on all fours.

It took seconds at most for Clay's tongue to work its way inside of George, a finger slipping in to slowly open him up.

"God, you're taking so long." George complained.

"Oh yeah?" Clay laughed and George felt a flicker of worry in his chest when suddenly two fingers curved and hit his prostate.

The blonde gasped, head falling forward and hips rolling back.

George whimpered when Clay added a third finger, the stretch so good he feels like he might pass out before he gets the man inside of him.

His fingers were unfairly skilled, breaking George down with ease with their teasing pace.

"You sure?"

George could've punched him for asking such a stupid question, but he instead settled for grinding his ass back on the fingers inside of him.

"Hurry up." He whined.

The fingers were taken out and he hung his head at the loss of his touch.

He could barely register the sounds of Clay's jeans being pulled down before he was being split open on the blonde's lubed cock.

"Holy fuck-" three fingers definitely wasn't enough with how thick the blonde was.

As soon as Clay was halfway in, he bucked his hips and shoved the rest of the way inside, their

moans mixing as he rocked his hips, pulling George back onto his cock with the motion.

That fucker was lucky George liked it rough.

George practically sobbed as Clay started slamming into him over and over again, gripping the sheets like his life depended on it.

One of Clay's hands gripped the back of George's neck, keeping his face pressed into the mattress, his other hand gripped George's hip, keeping him in the position he wanted.

"God, so fucking *good*-" Clay murmured, ramming his cock forward, making George's entire back arch against him.

Pleasure and heat seized his body, white flashing across his vision every time Clay thrust up into him until tears fully streamed down his face, knuckles turning white.

Clay had such precise aim, fucking George's prostate with a bruising pace, causing his entire body to shake, the overwhelming pleasure numbing his mind.

He was being completely man-handled by his soulmate and it made his own cock throb as he neared his orgasm.

His dick made an indent in George's stomach every time he fucked him, sending George's eyes rolling to the back of his head as he moaned and drooled:

"So *deep*, holy fuck, so-" George cried out.

Clay just kept fucking him open and abusing his prostate, relentless and reshaping his insides to fit his dick.

Clay slammed himself inside particularly deep before suddenly biting down on George's shoulder and bringing a hand to harshly pump George's cock.

All George could do was scream, spasming from head to toe as he came, feeling his ass get filled with the blonde's cum.

Clay was on cloud fucking nine, eyes threatening to permanently cross as he frantically fucked George through both their orgasms.

They both collapsed, George's legs giving out from the intensity and Clay's strength leaving him, making him lie on the bed next to his soulmate.

"You did so good for me George, so perfect."

George hummed as Clay's arms wrapped around him, cheek squishing against his shoulder.

He sighed, eyes falling shut as his entire body felt heavy and he sunk into the mattress.

"We really should clean up." Clay whispered.

"Later, nap now." George responded.

Thanks for reading <3

Blurred Clouds

Chapter Summary

George is a cheater :)

'Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies; Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.'

In George's mind, it was like a constant battle of emotion and logic.

Logic stated that if he wanted Sapnap, it would be wrong to lead Dream on and he should end things.

Emotion stated that he loved Dream, but he lusted for Sapnap.

Lust was fun, sure, but it wouldn't last.

So why was the thought of tracing his hands down the brunettes thighs so intoxicating?

The idea of sweating beneath the man he'd idolised for so long, how he'd pant over him while pure ecstasy rocked through their bodies.

Dream was hot, so fucking hot.

George always had to catch his breath whenever he wore a suit, or came out of the shower, hair wet and towel hung loosely around his hips.

He was everyone's wet dream, but he was George's boyfriend.

But Sapnap was different, the kind that Dream couldn't give him.

Sapnap was well built, thick thighs, big hands, defined features and drool worthy.

So George drummed his fingers nervously on his desk as he stared at his phone screen. Wondering not for the first time today if he should go through with it, or if he could.

The pictures that stared back at him were porn worthy, he'd dressed himself up more than he'd ever done for Dream, just to get some dick from his best friend.

Call it a midlife crisis or whatever term applied but George needed Sapnap and he needed him now before Dream and him got too serious.

So he sent it, an open invitation of sorts.

Lewd pictures and a question that gripped his chest when Sapnap read it.

It was all ready to blow up in his face, he was ready to be called a cheater, a whore, whatever Dream's best friend felt was appropriate.

Instead the pictures he got back confirmed his desires.

Was this immoral? With his hand slipped under the waistband of his boxers, he couldn't bring himself to care.

All he knew was the blissed out expression he caught a glimpse of when Sapnap sent his final few pictures.

This continued for weeks, months maybe.

Sapnap going so far as to bend George over Dream's desk and ram into him while on call with his lovers boyfriend.

Sapnap panting in his ear as George was impaled on cock, moaning like the whore he loved to be.

Sapnap praised him, made him feel things Dream never could.

When the call had ended, the brunette praised his lover for keeping so quiet and rewarded George by driving his dick inside him mercilessly, eyes watering with the force and pleasure.

Neither one of them could give this up, it was too good.

The risk of being caught only made George's dick harder, only made it that much better when he came all over his boyfriends desk and his own stomach while being fucked by his best friend.

Whatever fever dream this was, George never wanted to wake up from it, every touch and every kiss was like electricity keeping him alive.

George was obsessed, with Sapnap? Definitely. With the deceit? Sickeningly so.

With the way Sapnap's eyes watered when he was on the verge of cumming? Oh hell yes.

This was wrong, so unbelievably wrong.

Dream was oblivious, every day reminding George how much he loved him with flowers, presents, kisses and movies and all George could do was eat it up.

He was sickeningly loyal, content with monogamy and it was getting to George.

Some part of him over those few months with Sapnap, starting making itself more present in his domestic life with Dream.

Each kiss started to make him recoil, each touch only reminded him of the brunette.

Knowing he'd fucked up came after he'd committed to whatever Sapnap and him had.

Dream came up behind him, hands feeling their way down to George's hips and George jumped out his skin, laughing slightly to cover his surprise and moving out his boyfriend's grip.

"Morning, you were out late last night?" Dream mumbled.

George got out of Dream's hold, turning around to face the blonde.

"Yeah, got a little too tipsy with some friends, ended up passing out."

After fucking your best friend.

"Ah, so are you staying in tonight?"

George sighed and moved to the sink, reaching to grab a mug while the kettle boiled.

"Sure."

Dream frowned and moved to the side, sitting up on the counter.

"Why do you sound like it's a bad thing Georgie?"

Don't call me that.

"It's not, I'm just tired, y'know?"

Dream hummed and watched George pour hot water into the cup, smiling softly.

George could only awkwardly sip his coffee, moving to the living room to sit.

He got to the couch, put his coffee down and began flipping through the channels.

He heard shuffling, so he turned his head to see Dream standing over him, fingers coming to pull down George's shirt collar lightly.

Coming into view, was a dark hickey, right above his collarbone.

"I didn't want to believe it." Dream stepped away.

He looked defeated, like it all connected in his mind. George felt sick to his stomach, the expression readable on his face.

George thought of every excuse he could, disgusted with himself for even attempting to think of a way out of this, or was it just for being caught?

Screw how he felt, this whole thing was a fucking mistake and now the idea that Dream knew, all this time...

He'd been careful, as much as he could be considering the three of them were always going out to dinners together, to conventions.

He was clearly too drunk last night to think about Sapnap marking him, he'd slipped up and now all he could do was shrink under his boyfriend's stare, guilty and caught red handed.

"Let me guess. Sapnap?" Dream muttered, his suspicions finally confirmed, the bile in the back of his throat threatening to ruin his composure.

George felt tears brim at his eyes.

Lust never lasts.

I Love A Little Heartattack

Chapter Summary

Oh boy

We are all born to crave, to live with healthy addictions. We biochemically need love, food, water, etc.

If one is absent or in short supply, we still need to meet those requirements to avoid suffering or damage. If the only way available is negative addictions: drugs, casual sex, gambling... then that's what will happen.

Clay sat with his arms crossed and body wholly tense as he stared down the trio of men who looked a second away from hauling his ass out of the room.

Clay spent his life on the razor's edge from the time he was in diapers. Just ask any of his doctors, broken bones accompanied by a wide smile as he rambled to them about how he totally could have made that jump on his bike if he'd built the ramp higher.

"I'm not suicidal." He said, his smile genuine and so out of place in the conversation that his brother sat next to him could only gape.

His mother had always warned him that his lack of impulse control was going to kill him, Seems like it was the one thing she might be right about.

There is a higher buzz in the brain where chance is involved instead of certainty, such as if the one you love will say yes or not.

There are natural gambles, like when he was a child and set out to catch a butterfly that had landed on his nose. But when those healthy ways to gamble were no longer enough for his adulthood, that's when he became a gambler, of money or his life, whatever gave the biggest rush.

It was early into the evening and Clay was lifting a glass of Whiskey to his lips when the dealer sat down, shuffling through the deck, carefully watching the four players in front of him.

Clay let his eyes roll up to the woman that had entered. Her heels clacked like they were damaging the walnut floor and he wanted to tell her to take them off. She was a red head in a dark suit, but that isn't what grabbed his attention.

The Glock strapped to her inner thigh glinted whenever she took a step, the slit in her dress giving her away a little too easily, she couldn't be FBI.

It was as simple for Clay to make flame with a cigarette lighter as it was for his brain to sus her out.

Nearing the end of the night, when he guardedly looked at his cards, took a guess for how much was in the pot in the middle of the table, finally searched the other players for tells, it was then their eyes locked together, but for a snap of an instant. Then she turned her head and pushed chips into the centre.

Presumably, she had been trying to read Clay. To say if she was successful or not was a stretch, he had kept his poker face so far.

She must've found something to be so confident with her money, or was it a bluff?

He'd entertain her, keeping his expression neutral as he pushed his own chips into the pot, watching her eyes for something that would tell him if he'd just walked willingly into her trap.

"Call." he mumbled, matching her bet.

It was only the two of them left playing when the others all folded, tension building around the pair when the dealer asked them to finally reveal their hands.

She flicked her wrist, laying a clear full house out in front of her, the beginnings of a smile tugging at her glossed lips.

The dealer sorted a few cards from the board, calling out her hand, then he turned to Clay.

Her smile dropped when Clay sighed and threw out his own cards, bringing his whiskey back up to his own lips after.

"Straight flush." The dealer called, pushing the pot into Clay's hands.

"Shame." Clay said. He had hoped she wasn't bluffing. His high pathetically faded back into predictability. Despite winning being the idea of the game, the rush came from someone giving him a run for his money.

Her jaw clenched lightly, and when her hand slipped out of view below the table, Clay decided it was time to go.

The dealer would take the money in from them and send it to his account later, as was the deal with this particular game, so he saw no need to stick around and wait for a disaster to unfold.

He only heard the gunshots as he sprinted out of the room, body heavily colliding with the door when he shoved it open.

He had gotten back to his apartment hours later, after deciding to take 3 different taxis at random corner streets and using his usual methods of shaking whoever was following him off his tail.

He could only assume the woman he'd beaten was behind it, no woman comes to those kinds of games without good or dangerous contacts.

He groaned softly to himself as he compelled his battered legs to carry him down the hallway, surveying the cracked numbers on the doors one by one, before he came to his own.

The floorboards creaked after every leaden step he took closer to his door, but when he was about to reach it, he stopped and smiled to himself as an idea took over his thoughts.

The few steps between his apartment and the other side of the hallway seemed to take forever, but eventually his hand landed on the familiar curve of the handle.

He slipped through the door, walking up the winding staircase that lead to the roof of his apartment building. Each step echoed, so he made a rhythm for it, ignoring the burn in his legs in favour of keeping his pace.

The air he stepped into was cool, with a weak breeze lifting a few strands of hair out his face as he headed to the very edge of the building, leaning over a low wall to look down.

The side street was quiet and dimly lit, the only sound being the occasional hum of a distant car driving past.

He climbed the parapet, laying down so that his back rested along the length of it, staring up into the fogged night sky. To his left, his arm and leg dangled limply into nothingness, a four-storey drop between him and the ground.

He sighed and lifted an arm behind his head to rest his head, watching the stars cut through the polluted air.

Turns out he had fallen asleep, since he woke up with little recollection of hanging halfway off a building and opened his eyes to a drop much like the one he'd dreamed he was falling from moments earlier, how ironic.

The instinct to run was clouded over by his returning knowledge of his surroundings and he soon sat up, the night air sending shivers down his spine.

He looked down, the streets of the city rested still in lifeless silence except the gentle pattering of the raindrops he assumed had woken him up.

He felt strangely refreshed, despite the quickly dampening state of his clothes. No doubt his roommate was wondering where he was, maybe he could come back with a takeaway or something to make it up to him.

When he thought about it, Nick had asked him multiple times to get groceries that week.

With his mind made up, he shrugged his shoulders, hopped off the parapet and made his way back down the stairs to the building lobby.

He started down the street, the water in the potholes shimmered by the glow of the bright, yellow street lamps. A few bushes swayed as a strong breeze hit them, but Clay's mind was focused on the quiet, yet steady footsteps behind him.

They were clearly experienced at this sort of thing, managing to successfully mirror several of their own steps with Clays'. With the cover of rain and dark streets, Clay had no doubt this tactic would've worked with an oblivious victim.

Usually, when he took this route, he passed all sorts of strange looking people. Where he lived, was an odd place, mostly deserted aside from a few shady sorts hanging about in alleyways or by the corner shops.

But on this particular night, a humid night at that, there was no sound other than the light rain to be heard. Not even the squeal of a tyre edging around the street corner, or the cackle of an old man passing by.

How he got so unlucky so suddenly, he'd think about later. He was currently alone, in the dark, being followed.

He could run for it, but that might draw unwanted attention, not to mention the idea that his stalker might have a gun, or longer legs than him.

The thought of being caught made him subconsciously pick up the pace. He rounded a corner, then

listened for the sound of an extra set of footsteps. That might give him an idea of how far a distance they were keeping.

When he really looked at his surroundings, he recognised the corner he was walking towards, relief flooding his body when he remembered the trick Nick had taught him down this particular street.

'As soon as you round the corner, there's a thin crack in the walls that leads to an alleyway, if you're quick, and the guy chasing you doesn't know the area well, they won't see it and you can hide behind the dumpster.'

His stalker was a fair distance from him, he could pull that shit off if he was quick and quiet.

He held his breath, steps heavy and body tensed. When he rounded the corner, he could barely see the opening under the cover of darkness, but knowing it was there was all the hope he needed to throw himself through it and into the alleyway.

When he got through, he made a break for the dumpster, stepping as lightly as possible while maintaining speed as he ran to the other side.

He still hadn't taken a breath, so close to shaking whoever was following him when he heard a gasp and then felt a pain in his chest as he slammed directly into another body.

The dim light escaping through cracks in the walls provided him with little clarification of the stranger, but enough to see he had opened his mouth, clearly about to protest about their current position.

He slapped a hand over his mouth, afraid the idiot would give him away and pinned him to the wall, bodies pressed tight against each other so he couldn't move.

Clay shushed him, eyes flicking to the crack in the wall he'd come from. The light from it faintly outlined someone and Clay listened to the confused footsteps as his stalker presumably looked around for him.

Each second was agony, the silence of the night was something he was determined not to break. When he finally saw the shadow move away, he let himself breathe out for a split second, waiting a few minutes until he turned back to his new friend and regarded him carefully.

Messed up brown hair framed an unexpectedly good looking face, even with his forehead creased in confusion from Clay's memorable introduction.

When he removed his hand, he cocked his head to the side, a smile, he hoped the darkness of the alleyway would hide, beginning at the corner of his mouth. He was met with defined features and spit slicked lips he could not stop staring at if he wanted to.

His face was flushed and soon he started spluttering incoherent sentences, something along the lines of 'what the fuck' and 'get off me'.

"Calm down pretty boy, I just needed you quiet for a minute while I hid." Clay replied, taking a step back so he could move again.

Clay stretched, the adrenaline pumping through his veins only just starting to taper down. He was already overthinking again, escaping was one thing, making sure he wasn't caught again was another.

He heard a faintly rushed 'what the fuck' beside him, so he turned back and looked him up and down, almost cursing when he saw the fishnet tights gripping pale exposed flesh.

"What're you doing here anyway?." Clay asked, eyes locked in to the hem of this guys skirt, mind short circuiting a little as he tried to make sense of it.

"I was trying to find a cab to get home, almost got jumped so I ran in here." He replied, noticing the attention Clay was unashamedly giving.

"Well no shit." He breathed.

"Excuse me?" His eyebrows quirked up almost comically, Clay resisted the urge to laugh given the situation.

"That skirt is insane, are you trying to get killed?" Clay was brutally honest, these streets were unsafe for a fully clothed man in broad fucking daylight. Walking at night, wearing that, was practically suicide.

"I was coming home from my job, couldn't get anyone to drive me home tonight." His answers were vague, but it wasn't too hard to piece together.

"You're a stripper?" Clay said, more of a statement than a question.

"Why, want a dance?" He joked, only serving to fuel Clay's imagination.

Clay shrugged, taking the invitation seriously, even if it was just meant to break the ice. He pushed him back against the wall, gently this time, tilting his head and leaning down, lips inches from his.

His advances stilled and he waited, his own invitation hanging in the air. He wouldn't force himself on him, he was horny, but not a complete asshole.

"I'm George." He breathed, swallowing hard.

"Clay." He replied.

Formalities out the way, George crashed his lips against Clays' and his hands sunk into the blonde's hair, tugging gently as their hips rocked together.

He tasted like alcohol tinted with strawberries, something so strangely addicting, combined with the soft feel of his lips against Clay's that made his blood rush south.

His hands ran up pale thighs, stopping for a second to ping the fabric against his skin, humming when George gasped, letting Clay slip his tongue inside that pretty mouth of his.

Clay licked along his teeth, finding the taste and design all too addicting. God, he barely knew the guy but he wanted to make him scream.

This made George grind down helplessly against Clay, his own straining erection feeling tight under his skirt.

Clay rocked his hips slowly and purposefully against George, nothing if not a tease.

When George's breath caught on a sharp inhale, his body jerking as he pulled harder at Clay's hair, all Clay could do is shudder and press against him harder, everything about the brunette overwhelming Clay in a good way.

He broke the kiss to breathe, quickly realising how loud George was when he leant down to drag his tongue along his jaw.

"Please." he mumbled, a low whine catching in the back of his throat.

He popped the button to his jeans, zipper protesting with the strain of Clay's cock pressing against his boxers. It wasn't long before they both hissed at the feel of cool air on their cocks, Clay quickly pushing against George, sinking teeth into his neck, just to hear the brunette moan.

Clay watched as George fought to stay focused, his eyes were blinking rapidly, glazing over and rolling back occasionally as he sunk into pleasure.

George had no words for how good this felt despite how wrong it was. Clay had a hand wrapped around both of them and he kept having to lean his head back against the wall to get his bearings.

He was dizzy from the pleasure and Clay was not letting up, putting more pressure to George's cock while rutting against him.

George's hands flew to Clay's shoulders, fingers going back to tangle in his hair as his thighs tense against Clay's hips. His breathing got quicker and his eyes shut as his hips rolled against Clay.

He's a sweaty, shaking mess and Clay wanted to devour him.

George tried to plead, tried to form sentences, but he could only moan when Clay gave an experimental twist to his cock head, causing his knees to buckle under him.

"Gonna cum, pretty boy?"

George nodded, digging his nails into Clay's shoulders.

He pinned him in place, grinding up harder and sucking hickey's into delicate, unmarked flesh.

George's eyes snapped open as the hand wrapped around their cocks tightened, the new pace Clay set making George cant his hips up with a string of 'yes, yes, yes, please, oh my god' leaving his lips.

It only took a few more thrusts before George's chest arched off the brick wall and pressed against Clay's. Nail's slid down Clay's back as cum spilled from George's cock, his broken moaning making Clay's eyes roll back as he followed soon after.

Clay panted, his own sweat dripping down his forehead to join the mess beneath him, he waited, watching the way George twitched under him.

He reached down to tuck himself back into his jeans, letting George do the same.

"I can walk you home?" Clay offered, his face smug as George ran his fingers across his bruised neck, eyes wide and unbelieving.

"Please." George replied.

End Notes

Thanks for reading <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!